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In Everything

THOSE ingenious Utopians who are always talking about "taking the tariff out of politics" must be having a hard time of it just about now. Judging from the trend of events and the current discussion of those matters that interest the American people, the tariff is not only in politics, but in everything else with which the national destinies are intertwined. Worst of all, it is in preparedness to resist invasion. No sooner does the judgment and conscience of the country approve a sane policy of defense than the sponsors of the old robber tariff leap to their feet and clamor for the restoration of the Payne-Aldrich schedules. They would make the demand for the country's defense an excuse for the country's oppression.

Maybe if Senator La Follette lives to be as old as Uncle Ike Stephenson, we shall know the other side of that Wisconsin deal.

Mrs. Minor's Resignation

NOT only the officials of the State, but all students and readers who find occasion to consult the treasures of the State Library, will deeply regret the resignation of Mrs. Kate Pleasant Minor as reference librarian. During the years of her service, she acquired a broad and intimate knowledge of the library's contents, which was always courteously and cheerfully turned to the assistance of student, reader and scholar.

Mrs. Minor's kindly help will be greatly missed, but she will leave, as a monument to her own research and an unending guide to other searchers, her fine index to the papers of the Southern Historical Society, which, without that index, would be merely a mass of almost inaccessible lore.

If Germany continues to hold back blue dye, Philadelphia is thinking of making pink its official color. Of course, the Quakers would never think of painting their town red.

Electrical Prosperity Week

ELECTRICITY is the incarnation of modern convenience. We have learned to light by it, travel by it, send messages by it, cook by it, do everything by it—including the killing of men by it. The modern world is modern largely because of our knowledge of electrical appliances.

Consequently, the people of the United States will be deeply interested this week in the great campaign of education carried on by electricians throughout the country—the greatest simultaneous campaign of education yet devised. All over the United States the wonders and practical advantages of electricity will be displayed for the benefit of the public.

There are shows and shows, but few of them can equal the wizardlike feats of the blue fire, which we have harnessed and turned to our own everyday uses.

We attach no credence to the report that Villa has threatened, if he gets Carranza, to shave off his whiskers. Villa is the sort of man who believes in the doctrine that the tail goes with the hide.

Finances in Europe

IN spite of the prophecies of quickly coming financial exhaustion in Europe, it seems that the warring governments have money enough at least for a strenuous winter campaign.

The \$700,000,000 credit obtained by the allies in this country has obliterated any chance of British financial failure, and exchange rates reflect the improvement in the situation for England. France will have sufficient resources for an indefinite time in the future, as the nation has responded wonderfully to the government's latest loan plea.

In Germany, the Bourne is once more open and speculation is rife. Stocks are selling at good prices, but paper money has supplanted specie, and food prices are soaring. Nevertheless, the government holds great reserves of gold, which will probably enable Germany to continue the war for some time to come. As outside credits are impossible, however, when the gold stock is exhausted the game will be up for her.

Baseball has done missionary service in the Philippines and at Panama. In Hawaii, Japan and China, says the Philadelphia Ledger. It has likewise put missionaries at work in the United States. Remember Billy Sunday?

America's March King

MOET Americans will rejoice that John Philip Sousa has been selected to compose a march for use at the Pan-American Convention, to be held in Washington soon. There are some who agree with the supercilious highbrow who said that he enjoyed Sousa's marches so much that he'd like to hear them set to music, but they are few and more or less inflated; the vast majority is content with Sousa's own idea of music.

Technicians may find fault with his composition, and ethnological musicians may contend that Cadman, Dvorak and the like are the true exponents of indigenous American music. But Cadman's melodies are con-

fessedly Indian, and Dvorak's weird strains are composites of plantation themes, and all the other composers of so-called "national" music found their inspiration in sectional, racial or geographical influences.

For modern Americanism, the Americanism of soldier and sailor, of the man in the street who takes his dancing, his marching and his fighting as he finds it, give us "The Stars and Stripes," "Hands Across the Sea," "High School Cadets" or "The Liberty Bell"—give us John Philip Sousa. In short, the American whose birthday the whole country honored a few weeks ago, when, in theaters from Boston to Texas and from New York to San Francisco, orchestras enthusiastically played his swinging, beating, marching music, while in New York's Hippodrome, musicians, actors and public men gathered to sweep away his poise with gifts, flowers and speeches of affectionate congratulation.

An Illinois farmer secured a keeper on an offer of \$3 a week as long as the farmer and his wife live and \$10,000 on the death of the farmer. In this age of agricultural prosperity, no man in the business can think of dying, so the keeper had better employ his days off in looking for another job.

Lifting the Tobacco Embargo

SENATOR Martin has won a notable victory in obtaining from the British government, with the assistance of the State Department at Washington, the lifting of the embargo on shipments of tobacco to Holland and other neutral countries. In effect, this action will permit Virginia and North Carolina dark tobacco to enter Germany and Austria, which nations are perhaps the best customers for this product of Southern soil.

Since the British orders in council were promulgated, the dark tobacco industry has languished. Millions of pounds are held in warehouses in Richmond, Petersburg and other centers of the business. This represents just so much idle capital, imprisoned and prevented from entering the accustomed channels of trade. Prices, of necessity, also have suffered. From the grower to the exporter, everybody connected with the business has had to bear his share of loss.

The British government, in lifting this embargo, has displayed an unusual and recently unprecedented human intelligence. The South's throughout has been the principal sufferer among the sections of this country from the pressure of allied sea power on neutral trade. The cotton belt has borne the largest burden, of course; for weary months all the cotton States virtually were prostrate. When cotton was declared contraband thousands of farmers faced bankruptcy, and, though individuals and newspapers in sections not affected bore this calamity with equanimity and counseled the sufferers to remember the allies' services to humanity, resentment was keen.

However, it is possible to defend the British stand as to cotton. Not only is the staple an important ingredient in the manufacture of explosives, but it is used so largely for clothing and in so many of the arts of peace, that to deprive Germany of it was to contribute tremendously to that economic exhaustion the allies seek to bring about, and the attainment of which represents a valid exercise of sea power.

Not so as to tobacco. At the best, it is a comfort—a soother of tired nerves. No one will contend seriously that the efficiency of German arms has been decreased perceptibly because Virginia tobacco reposed in Virginia warehouses, instead of being consumed in the porcelain pipes of the Kaiser's soldiers. All the suffering, all the loss were felt here in this country and by our own people. If Germany's economic situation has been affected at all, it has been for the better, because money that otherwise would have been diverted to America was retained in Germany and applied to the purchase of arms and munitions of war.

It would seem that a belated recognition of this fact has dawned on the London Foreign Office. Obviously, in consideration of the recent American note on the subject of the orders in council, it was a time for concession, and Britain has chosen to make the concession that will cost her nothing.

It would not have been made, however, but for the urgent representations that Senator Martin induced the State Department to deliver to London. The Senator has triumphed where others have failed, and has made a substantial contribution to the prosperity of the people he represents. The service thus rendered will not be forgotten.

The truth of the European situation, so far as peace is concerned, is, most likely, that each belligerent is afraid that the others will know how anxiously it wants the war to stop.

Stars Fight for Wilson

THAT Woodrow Wilson's capable and highly successful administration is an element of weakness in his candidacy for re-election is a political paradox noted and commented on by the Springfield Republican. The Republican does not believe, however, that this circumstance will impair seriously Mr. Wilson's chances to succeed himself in the White House. With that conclusion most observers will agree.

It has been the very success of the Wilson administration, in the Republican's view, that has killed the Progressive party. Had Wilson been a failure, the party of Roosevelt would have been rallying still at Armageddon; it died when the President's great accomplishments deprived it of significance as a party of protest. Had it endured, a solid Democracy would have triumphed with ridiculous ease over a divided Republicanism.

But the stars in their courses continue their battle in behalf of the present occupant of the presidential office. "We have never had so miserable, weak-kneed, contemptible administration as the present," declares Dr. C. J. Hexamer, president of the National German-American Alliance. From a slightly different angle, the New York Tribune, the Sage of Oyster Bay and Congressman James R. Mann, minority leader of the House, reach a like conclusion. In other words, all the champions of special interests and foreign causes abuse and vilify the fearless defender of purely American rights. There are enough voters in this country who place America first to decide a campaign waged on this issue.

George W. Perkins sees a Bull Moose presidential ticket in 1916. Medill McCormick sees a reunion of the G. O. P. and the Progressives. Seeing things is the big plank in the Bull Moose platform.

Perhaps Vienna is waiting to make Washington a Christmas present of its decision on the sinking of the Ancona.

If King Constantine loses his job, he ought to be able to get one in any circus on the road as an equilibrist.

SEEN ON THE SIDE

He Fooled Them.

There was a time when cynics laughed at our President. Declaring, as their drinks they quaffed. He was not worth a cent. At their own game of politics, in which they'd mastered all the tricks. But as the months have sped away The cynics have perceived— And therefore have been forced to say— That they were much deceived. For Woodrow shows a finished art That wounds them to the very heart.

Yes, Woodrow plays that game with skill. As all men now confess, And turns the winning tricks at will— His middle name's Success. With ease each enemy is foiled And made to seem a two-spot, soiled.

The Peanut Says:

Good deeds are modest, proverbially. Perhaps that is the reason why the confidence man is reluctant to admit he has done a good thing.

Touches by Robert Collier.

The placing of a tablet to the memory of the Rev. Robert Collier, pastor at one time, and after pastor-emeritus, of the Church of the Messiah, in New York, in which he did his last work as minister, recalls to one of Mr. Collier's admirers in Richmond an epitome by him of the writers of the four gospels which is a gem. Thus:

"Matthew, as a publican, told first of all the beatitudes, the poor man's sermon. His gospel was written in the vulgar tongue.

"Mark wrote as if the gospel had been painted by a master hand. He paints a picture where others tell a story.

"Luke wrote the gospel of human sympathy. He was the man with the great human heart.

"John wrote the story of the Son of God, rather than the Son of Man, telling tenderly and lovingly of the good things that Jesus did to his disciples."

Making It Clear.

"What does the city editor mean when he speaks of a 'human-interest' story?" asked the cub reporter.

"He means," replied the cynical veteran, "a yarn that has no legitimate interest of any description, but which happens to fit into the angles of what he calls his mind."

The Prime Essential.

Grubbs—Has Pinks qualified yet as an automobile expert?

Stubbs—Yes, indeed. Why, only last week he convinced four traffic policemen and a police magistrate that he had not been exceeding the speed limit.

Biblical—Old and New.

"Forsake not an old friend, for the new is not comparable unto him; a new friend is as new wine, when it is old thou shalt drink it with pleasure."—Ecclesiasticus, ix, 16.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend."—John, xv, 13.

Shakespeare for Everybody.

For lovers: "But love is blind, and lovers cannot see The pretty follies that themselves commit."—The Merchant of Venice, ii, 6.

For every man and every woman: "All the world's a stage. And all the men and women merely players. They have their exits and their entrances. And one man in his time plays many parts."

That ends this strange eventful history. Is second childhood and mere oblivion, Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every-thing."

As You Like It, ii, 7.

A Single Handicap.

He—If it were not for one thing, that new admirer of yours might be regarded as a very intelligent young man. She—What is that? He—His brain.

Unacknowledged.

"Do you think the office should seek the man?" inquired the interested citizen. "Of course, it should," replied Congressman Hammatt, "but, so far as my experience extends, the office invariably refuses to be bound by that rule."

A Layman's Sermon.

Here is a little story of a Richmond man that came to me a few evenings since at an informal round-up of several congenial spirits. Perhaps you recall the day that the last circus came to town. In a building near which the parade turned into Broad Street is an elevator for passengers. It was in charge of a boy, a manly little fellow. One of the occupants of the building asked the boy if he were going to see the parade. He replied that he would not be able to get out, as it was his day on. When the parade came in sight several blocks away the man returned to the building and told the boy to go out and see the parade and he would run his car until the parade had passed, and it was done. When that man dies and his spirit reaches the gate it will be passed in without any question, and the harpers harping on their harps on the inside will strike up the best score they have.

Just Funny.

There was a good man from Detroit Who every one said was adroit. But when he bought a ship, Doves of peace to let slip, Folks laughed at his foolish exploit.

Gossip From "Down Home"

The Durham Herald says: "Mr. Kitchen is willing to do the fair and honest thing about it, but he will not knuckle."

Here is what the Greensboro Record has to say: "The average editor who advises his readers to shop early goes uptown Christmas Eve at 9 P. M. and, finding the department stores crowded, decides that a present bought the day after Christmas is just as good, anyway."

Where does it come from? Who brings it to town? It is evident that somebody is dispensing mean liquor in our midst. A nice reward for evidence sufficient to convict and one or more convictions will have a good effect in the community.—Warrenton Record. "In our midst" is good.

The way the season opens "down home" is explained by the Marshall Home in the following paragraph: "E. C. Phifer killed a hog last Wednesday just thirteen months old that weighed 522 pounds. Nothing like having plenty of good meat, according to Mr. Phifer's way of thinking."

The Charlotte Observer says: "The express companies say they do not intend to be bothered transporting liquor packages into the State of Georgia when the prohibition law goes into effect. They said the same thing about North Carolina, but, instead of closing down on the business, they hired extra halls in which to handle the traffic. Where they formerly carried a gallon of liquor for 25 cents, they now handle four quarts in as many separate packages."

ages and get 30 cents for each package. When a corporation is heard to talk of turning down a business proposition of that sort it may be assumed that the corporation is simply trying to fool somebody."

"The opening of the creamery to-day" says the Lexington Herald, "makes a big forward step for Davidson County. Its success will be a great stimulus to the dairy industry in this section. Manager Coons deserves much praise for pushing ahead with the organization of this creamery when he had so much to go up against. He should now be given every backing to make it a success."

The Wadesboro Annonian tells the following: "There is an interesting story connected with a sack of 105 pounds of wheat exhibited at the Anson County Fair by C. C. Bowman. Two years ago the next summer Mr. Bowman attended the veterans' reunion at Gettysburg and brought back a head of wheat from a field there. He planted the seed and raised seventeen quinces from it. This he planted the past year, and from that he harvested the 105 pounds. It appears to be of the Fulcaster variety."

The Hickory Record gets off the following: "John Sprunt Hill tells the Durham correspondent of the News and Observer that from his conversation with delegates to the State Farmers' Convention he gathered that the farmers were not opposed to reasonable preparedness. And we do not believe the majority of farmers are opposed to it. Presidents Barrett and Alexander were, however, for various reasons, and that really is about all the opposition in the convention means."

Chats With Virginia Editors

It cost a man \$10 to kiss another's wife in a Richmond park. No doubt he got his money's worth.—Blackstone Courier. He paid the fine, anyhow.

Going back to first principles, the Chase City Progress declares: "No Christmas dinner is going to be complete without hog's jowls and greens." And immediately thereafter it up and says: "It's not a bigger army and navy that this country needs—it's bigger salad patches." All of which is good old Mecklenburg County doctrine.

The Farmville Herald, itself a little out of date, takes note that "Secretary Daniels declares Baptists are the navy of the Lord," and adds: "It's bigger than England's big navy." It is surprising that the Herald did not make further note that Secretary Daniels's joke as to the Baptists, like some others he told on the same occasion, were as old as his great-grandmother.

The venerable editor of the Bristol Herald-Courier expresses his gratitude in this way: "And father is thankful that garden making, lawn mowing, snow shoveling and furnace firing don't all go along together. And then he renders the thanks of the whole family in the following terse line: 'The whole family is thankful to-day that father doesn't have to fire the furnace the year round.'"

The dry towns have their little jokes. For instance, note the following from the South Boston Gazette: "We learn from the Lynchburg News that an excursion train from Danville to that city Monday brought 'only a corporal's guard,' namely, about 140 people. When you consider the fact Lynchburg is wet, while Danville is, it is alleged, dry, the crowd does seem rather small, doesn't it?"

The Urbanna Sentinel was also thankful at the proper time, and here is the way it expressed its gratitude: "There are many, many things to be thankful for, but there is one that hits the right spot just at this time—thankful that we are living in the good old United States and not in Europe; thankful that we have beds instead of ditches to nestle in during the cold winter nights that we have come to us; thankful that we have turkey to feast on instead of hardtack."

The Roanoke Times has a real complaint, and should send its lobbyist to Washington at once. It says: "It is said that the next Congress will raise the basis rate of the income tax from 1 to 1½ per cent. Just our luck. As soon as we get into the income-tax class up goes the rate. It makes us mad."—Richmond Times-Dispatch. Oh, no, it doesn't. What makes us mad is for exchanges to put into our mouth words we haven't uttered, as the Times-Dispatch has done in this instance. What newspaper gave vent to the foregoing, anyway? We're quite sure it wasn't us.—Roanoke Times. Well, if you didn't say it, you ought to have done so; it sounded like you.

Queries and Answers

An Address.

Please give me the address of Amelia Barr, the novelist. MRS. W. K. HUDSON, N. Y.

Greeley's Partner.

Please tell me the last name of Horace Greeley's partner at first in the Tribune. FRANCIS L. PAINE.

McElrath.

Did the Great Eastern ever come to Richmond? Did railway trains ever run up the Broad Street hill in this city? ROBERT T. WINSTON.

No, to both queries.

Old Coins.

R. P. P. Thomas W. Waller, Mrs. J. J. Cuthfield and Edgar Walker send lists containing nothing worth the trouble of selling. A recent letter from the foremost coin dealers in the world states that they do not get one list out of the average fifty containing a single thing which they would buy. Hence, there is little wonder that so many of the lists sent us appear, on comparison with the sales lists, to contain nothing worth the trouble of selling.

Current Editorial Comment

Our Army Needs More Officers. West Point is Uncle Sam's school for army officers, and costs a great deal of money. According to the New York Evening Post, it takes \$20,000 to educate a boy at West Point, as against \$12,000 at Annapolis and \$2,500 at Harvard. But West Point is not only costly; it fails to train officers enough. Colonel Townsley, superintendent of the academy, reports that 1,300 or 1,400 cadets will be educated at West Point if only that many appointments were made. The present average is about 600. That is partly, at least, because the actual mode of appointment, through Congressmen and politics, is obsolete and unreasonable. It is an unpleasant reminder of the outworn system under which the United States was not a nation, but only a loose federation of mutually jealous States. The Outlook prints an editorial commending Colonel Townsley for urging that West Point cadetship "belong to the people," rather than to individual congressmen, and should be open competitively to all the youths eligible to compete. Colonel Townsley recommends that a law be enacted "requiring competitive examination be held for each vacancy." This is a sound suggestion, and Congress should not delay acting upon it. What the United States Army needs to-day, more than any one thing, is more trained officers. Here is a way of getting a good many more of them without even increasing our plant.—Collier's Weekly.

Where There Are Firearms There's Always Danger

One of the Day's Best Cartoons.



From the Dallas Morning News.

LITTLE TALKS ON THRIFT

By S. W. STRAUS
President American Society for Thrift

"Teach economy, that is one of the first and highest virtues. It begins with saving money."

This was one of the trite sayings of Abraham Lincoln. It was uttered in a day when extravagance was rare in this country, but it was the advice of a man who knew the most rigid economy in youth, and was addressed to parents and instructors of future Americans.

Children frequently have a greater sense of responsibility than they are given credit for. They often are not allowed to exercise it through the misadventures of parents who desire them to have a care-free childhood. It is through being acquainted with all the financial difficulties of the home and hearing them talked of that lessons of great value often are learned. Let the children be allowed to spend their birthday and holiday money as they will enjoy having the gifts much more with money earned by themselves than if the money is given to them. Let the children make out their own lists and do their own planning and reckoning. They will then learn the carefulness of money, to keep within their savings amount and will spend it less recklessly during the year.

It has been found that poor children in Chicago spend from 10 cents to 20 cents a week on candy, cakes and chewing gum. How much better it would be if these children were taught to save this money for something useful, or something from which they would get real pleasure for days and weeks instead of something that is likely to be injurious to their health.

England's Pied Piper

"The party system of British politics is the one corrupt thing in the constitution of that nation. The House of Commons has become the happy hunting-ground of a dozen great families whose members pass into it from time to time by the same right that men pass into the business firms of their fathers. They are all partners in a great swindle, and their clerks and henchmen, hired from the law, the universities, the factories, and the streets, vote only as the masters see fit. These masters, nearly equally divided on both sides of the House, agree from time to time to take the reins of office, paying themselves large salaries, large pensions, giving places only to those men who have been most obsequious and most eagerly dishonest. They juggle with the votes of the country, with their tongues in their cheeks. They are past-masters in card-sharping and the three-card trick. There is not one man among them with the faintest gleam of imagination, patriotism, or understanding of the characteristics and spirit of the race whom they bluff by inheritance. Yes, there is one—the Mark Antony of the House of Commons, the little Celtic man whose name is Lloyd George, who possesses the three gifts that go to the making of a great charlatan—a pair of wonderful eyes, a sense of impish humor, and that touch of exaltation which stirs men to hysteria. He is the Pied Piper of politics, the man whose little flute can draw from their dark places the laboring parties of the United Kingdom. He is the great democrat who has organized a bureaucracy of the character and spirit of the Russia. He is the king of charlatans."—Cosmo Hamilton, in the Century.

This Law a Self-Wrecker.

It is improbable that so sweeping an attempt to be altruistic was ever before heard of as the La Follette law, or one which was better calculated to wreck its own purposes utterly.—Boston Transcript.

A Pence Prayer.

(For The Times-Dispatch.)
Lord God of every nation,
Of empire strong and old,
Hush now the cannon's voice;
This wage in human toll.

Lord God of the human family.

The creator of every race;
Bespeak anew Thy message,
And save us Thy grace.

Lord God of every power,
Of every race and kin,
Impart the old, old story,
Of the brotherhood of men.

Lord God of every crime,
Of every age and time,
Be now our friend;
Stay this carnage of men;
Hush the bugle blast;
Let us hear the call.

Hear it O man;
Warring nations of every land,
Hear the message;
It's God's command;
"Seek peace, pursue it."
Allah Father we can,
Only keep us
In Thine hand.

W. G. S.

Richmond, Va., November 25, 1915.

"Dixie" in the North

There are two supreme moments in the sixty-cent table d'hôte, says the Literary Digest. One occurs when the wife of the proprietor appears on the balcony and sings the Jewel Song from Faust; the other is when the orchestra swings from a minestrone of popular airs into the strains of "Dixie." On both these occasions the applause is vociferous, but whereas in the case of the worthy and portly proprietress the diners wait with bated breath until she has reached the third from the last note, when it comes to "Dixie" there is no holding them back. With the "Dixie" look away! they are obliterating the music in a roar of enthusiasm. Just why "Dixie" always stirs Northern audiences to such ecstasy is difficult to discover. Many analysts, but who said that "Dixie" to reason it out, but with little success. The nearest approach to an explanation was afforded by one person who did not aspire at all to psychology. He said, "Dixie" was the name of a slave who made him feel like fried chicken and sweet potatoes. "When will our people cease to sing 'Dixie'?" queried the Boston Transcript, in commenting upon the hundredth anniversary of the birth of its author, Daniel Decatur Emmett. The answer is obviously "Never."

The Duty on Handkerchiefs.

The board of general appraisers handed down another decision interpreting the handkerchief provisions of the tariff act. In this instance the importation was made by Morimura Bros. Judge Cooper, sustaining the contention of the importers, held that hemstitched handkerchiefs ornamented by drawn work were more specifically provided for as "handkerchiefs hemmed or hemstitched" at 30 per cent ad valorem, than as "articles from which threads have been omitted, drawn, punched or cut," etc., at 60 per cent ad valorem, as assessed by the collector. The handkerchiefs in controversy were not embroidered, but were ornamented by drawn work.—New York Times.

Thanksgiving Day, 1915.

(For The Times-Dispatch.)
Oh! surely Thanksgiving's a national feast,
With turkey and cranberries red;
And good things of wonderful flavor and size,
From sweet meats to butter and bread.

'Tis a day of new zest for hours of rest,
To feast and be thankful to God;
And be happy we live in this favored of lands,
Where for toil we